

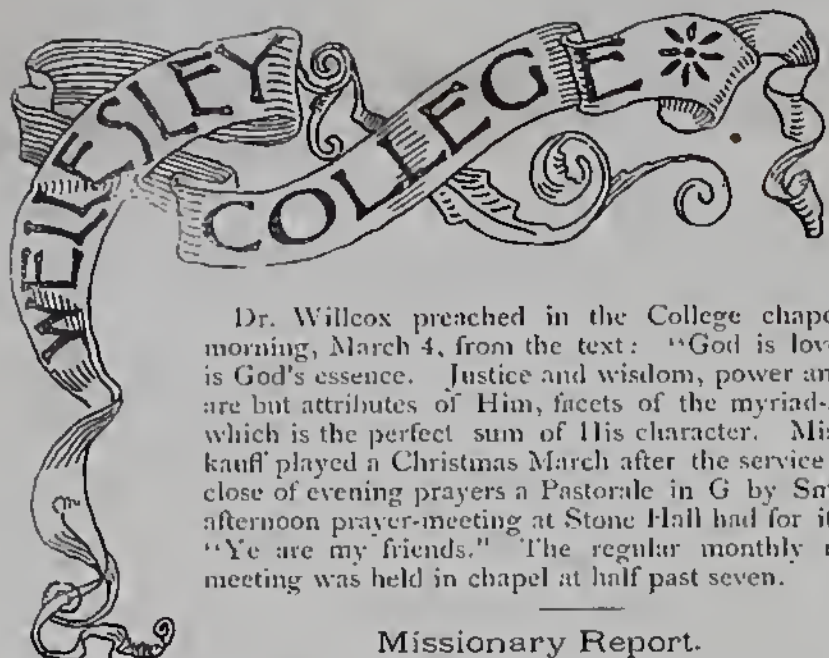
The Current

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 25.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



Dr. Willcox preached in the College chapel Sunday morning, March 4, from the text: "God is love." Love is God's essence. Justice and wisdom, power and strength are but attributes of Him, facets of the myriad-sided gem which is the perfect sum of His character. Miss Middlekauff played a Christmas March after the service and at the close of evening prayers a Pastoral in G by Smart. The afternoon prayer-meeting at Stone Hall had for its subject: "Ye are my friends." The regular monthly missionary meeting was held in chapel at half past seven.

Missionary Report.

On Sunday evening Dr. Holbrook of China gave a very interesting "glimpse" at the missionary station of the American Board in Tung Chow. Tung Chow is a city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is important as being on the road by which all the grain sent as tribute, is carried to the capital. Three missionary families and three single ladies, the only foreign residents, are at work in the city, which has become an educational centre, having a boys' boarding school, a theological seminary, and a day school for little girls. There are two chapels connected with the mission, one called the "outside chapel" among the shops of the town where passers by are attracted by singing and the telling of Bible stories, and the other the "inside chapel" where Sunday services are held and daily preaching services. Several prayer meetings are also held on Sundays, and the women come begging the missionaries to teach them a prayer, that they may take some part. There are weekly temperance meetings and a feeling against the use of opium is being aroused. The people expect every missionary to be a physician, but have confidence only in bitter and colored medicines, their own methods being of the hardest kind, such as blistering and stabbing the body indiscriminately with long needles. Dr. Holbrook described very graphically the difficulties of locomotion on donkeys and in donkey carts, and spoke of one missionary who furnished amusement for the whole city by riding about for several days in a sedan-chair, such as is carried empty in funeral processions for the departed spirit. In describing a doctor's work, Dr. Holbrook said that the mornings were given to learning the language and the afternoons were spent in the dispensary and in visits to the sick. The great aim of the work is to banish superstition and though a great deal of patience is necessary to overcome all the difficulties in the way the results are already manifest. Dr. Holbrook does not return to China, but goes as resident physician to a school in Japan, whence there is an urgent call for work in the educational line. Under the new constitution there will be no hindrance, and the terms of the new treaty are understood to be highly favorable to American workers. Twelve teachers are needed at once, and in going would give themselves, not to selfish work or work for individuals, but to work for a whole nation.

Professor Barker's Lectures.

Professor Barker's lectures of two weeks ago caused all who heard them to look forward with pleasure to his return. His first lecture of the second course, given Friday morning, was upon "Polarized Light," which he defined as "light capable of reflection only in certain directions." Professor Barker showed experimentally the production of this phenomenon by reflection, by the use of a double refracting prism, and by inserting, in the path of an ordinary beam of light, a bundle of glass plates or a piece of tourmaline. He also illustrated the effect of the interference of rays of light in the production of color. The lecture given Friday evening in the chapel, was upon "Radiant Matter." Professor Barker took as the basis of his lecture, the statement of Faraday, that "radiant matter is as much above gaseous matter as this is above fluids." He showed the effect of the passage of an electric current, first through air at ordinary pressure, and then by means of Crooks's tubes, through highly rarified air, and the different results in the two cases. The lecture Saturday morning was upon "Sensations of Color." Professor Barker contrasted the physical theory of color with the anti-physical or aesthetic theory. The lecture was accompanied with many interesting and beautiful experiments proving that the phenomenon of color is purely subjective, and that it depends entirely upon the light in which it is seen. The large number who heard these lectures testified, both by their attendance and attention, to Professor Barker's charm as a lecturer. He himself noticed with pleasure the interest and responsiveness of his audience.

Prof. Smith's First Lecture.

Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith of Columbia College delivered a lecture in the chapel on Saturday afternoon, his subject being, "The Legends and the Poems of the Cid." Prof. Smith began his lecture by giving the setting of the poem, and the condition of Spanish society which produced the dawn of Spanish literature in the 12th century. Religion and war had become almost identical conceptions in the Spanish mind, and both left their impression on Castilian verse. Of five of the earliest poems, three are religious and two heroic.

Human nature is so constituted that it seeks to give tangible form to abstract conception. Thus the early Christians embodied in their saints the divine ideal, and thus, too, in modern Europe, the popular ideal became manifested in the characters of the heroic poem. Owing to the condition of Spanish society, there is greater concentration than in the classic art and a more rapid epic movement. The poem tells of work being now accomplished, not of the past, and consequently there is a rudeness of background. The Cid is not a Spanish Atlas, bearing the whole world of ideas on his shoulders, but is rather one of many poems, by right of the survival of the fittest.

It is difficult to separate the historic Cid from the legendary, but that he really existed, there can be no doubt. The Cid legend voices the sentiment of a people loyal to its king, yet jealous of its personal rights and national independence, and brooking no foreign interference.

Prof. Smith then proceeded to briefly outline the story of the Cid, first, as given in *Leyenda del Cid*, then as sung in *Poema de Mio Cid*.

Of the two, *Leyenda* was first written, and in its conception is rude, vigorous and local, while that of *Poema* is strong, harmonious and universal.

As a work of art, *Poema de Mio Cid* is rude in external form, but its dress is one to gain the favor of the multitude. Internally, it includes the personality of its author, but, as it was intended for oral tradition, this was merely to heighten rhetorical effect. Its birth is grandly epic.

My Cid has a character, simple, childlike and modest, yet self-contained and not lacking in worldly wisdom. Above all stands out his unswerving loyalty, to God, his country and his friends, making the Cid

conception of lasting value to humanity, as an inspiration to noble living.

The Rose and the Ring.

The Chapel Fund serves a double purpose, for it not only tests our charitable virtues and the dramatic ability of the enterprising, but at the same time repays in two-fold quantity, though in different quality, the gift to the giver. To this venerable object many good times are attributed, and last Saturday evening's entertainment in no way broke the record. The occasion was the repetition of "The Rose and the Ring" given last November at Norumbega with such success. At half past seven o'clock the Gymnasium was filled with an audience of about three hundred. Their expectations had been heightened by the charming portraits which some sympathetic soul had kindly given to weeping Niobe as a consolation, and which she had been holding up to their view for several days, and also by the program which was printed in the previous report.

After several demonstrations of impatience on the part of the audience, and a great deal of obstinacy on its own part, the curtain rose and disclosed fair Angelica with her royal parents at breakfast. From that moment the attention of all was held, as the magic ring wandered from romantic Angelica to irresistible Gruffy, from Gruffy to sweet little Betsinda and finally returned to Angelica's safe keeping to be heard of no more. What shouts of laughter re-echoed through the "Wellesley Opera House" as his majesty King Valorosa XXIV gracefully collapsed under the warming-pan; as the manly Bulbo sank enraptured at his princess' feet with: "I never had a Wellesley crush like this!" and again as he struck terror to brave Giglio's heart, after a series of awful threats, with the climax: "I'll have you up before the Faculty!" as the would-be fascinating Gruffy fruitlessly endeavored to flirt and denounced poor Betsinda as an "exponent of domestic work;" as the ferocious lions retired hastily from the stage, almost leaving their skins behind them. Likewise when artless Angelica "hopped" in the most realistic way on every possible occasion, and all the actors and actresses flew frantically "to arms!" at Helzoll's summons, the audience was not slow to respond.

The costumes were admirably gotten up and added a great deal to the whole effect. Handsome Giglio drew many a sigh from the susceptible Wellesley maidens, with his elegant suit and his curling moustache, which risked his reputation by almost coming off at a most critical moment. Betsinda captivated us all with her dainty gowns and waving tresses, and Gruffy's costume was the pink of perfection from the tip of her high-heeled shoes to her fashionable head-dress, "the latest from St. Louis." All too soon did the curtain fall, obdurate no more, now that we wished it would be, shutting out from our view the graceful dance which ended the play. As we all marched through prosaic "domestic hall" and deposited our chairs in the still more prosaic old sitting-room, we felt very grateful to Miss Macky and the Norumbega Troupe for giving us such a pretty glimpse of Fairyland. As nearly as can be determined about \$118 were cleared.

Prof. Smith's Second Lecture.

Prof. Charles Sprague Smith of Columbia College gave his second lecture in the general literature course, Monday evening, March 4. His subject was the *Chanson de Roland* and the early literary movement in France. In introduction the Professor spoke of the misconception concerning French literature, and proved conclusively the prominent part that France has played in the culture movement in Europe. He then traced the formation of the new society in Gallia. The old Latin civilization transmits to the new a national consciousness, replacing the old tribal separation. A sense of central authority, the municipality, Roman law, Roman language and Christian religion laid the foundation for the Franks, who were the successors to the Latin heritage. Under Charlemagne they seemed about to found a new empire, out of the fusion of Latinism and Germanism, but the times were not yet ripe. The Germans brought to Gaul, among various constructive elements, the popular deliberative assembly and the royal *Comitatus*. After Charlemagne, the Latin concept of central authority, from which all administrative power derives its right becomes a vanishing ideal, and similarly the Germanic folk, assembly is in the tenth century only a souvenir. The relation between king and lords now assumes the form known as feudal system, but from 987, the time of Hugh Capet, the history of France presents the slow evolution of a modern state out of chaos, and the popular government of today is, in a sense, a rebirth of the ancient Germanic assembly. As formative elements of the new civilization in art, we note the perishing of the classic traditions, and the infiltration of Germanic ideas, especially of reverence for woman.

The only historical basis for the *Chanson de Roland* is this brief sentence: "Hennodandue, prefect of marches of Bretagne, was killed at the pass of Roncesvalles." The heroic Roland is the representative of Christian civilization in its contest with the Saracen. The composition of the poem is traced back to an Anglo-Norman, who served in the expedition of William the Conqueror. It shows especially the strength and simplicity of art, and though Roland lacks the rude physical valor, and calm equipoise and breadth of the Cid, there is far more richness and vigor in the *Chanson* than in the *Poema*. Roland is distinctly a national epic, but, since patriotism is one of the deepest and most universal sentiments of humanity, it is also a universal epic.

In conclusion, Prof. Smith said that the earliest epic was the voice of Nature, but as civilization develops, life becomes infinitely more complex, and demands more varied expression in art.

The German at Mrs. Lovewell's.

On the evening of Inauguration Day, the young ladies at Mrs. Lovewell's gave a German, to celebrate the birthdays of two of their number.

Miss Neal, the "society map," led the German. Many of the costumes were both striking and elaborate. Miss Green suggested Lady Rowena in her Saxon beauty, and Miss Rockwood, Sir Walter Raleigh, with his famous crimson cloak. The days of Charles V were vividly recalled by the presence of Misses Lork and Dance as Count Egmont and his fair Countess in pink; while Miss Hollander and Miss Curtis were delightfully ludicrous, as young Mr. Timothy Hayseed and sister from New Hampshire. Miss Frost wore a gown befitting Betsy Bobbitt in primness. Miss Gertrude Spalding, as Mr. Barnes of New York, was untiring in devotion to the ladies, rivalling, if not excelling, Miss Stockbridge as Sir Charles Marlowe, in velvet, queue and manner *débonnaire*.

The occasion would have been incomplete without the appearance of Miss Bennett, as Lady Washington, and Miss Lyon and Miss Mann wore extraordinary costumes. Miss Foster, as Little Lord Fauntleroy with his pretty curls, made a graceful page, while Miss Ross as "Dearest" graciously presided over the favor-table. Among the most artistic figures were the "Candle Figure," the "Ring" and the "Marshmallow."

Before the departure of the guests, dainty souvenirs were given and refreshments served.

College Notes.

Pussy Willows are abundant over by Sunset Bridge.

Mrs. McCoy has returned to the College after a visit of several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. North. She comes back holding the firm conviction that an Annex is needed at Wellesley to admit one aspirant, at least, when he shall have graduated from baby clothes.

There will be a concert in the chapel Monday evening by the Listemann quartet and Miss Berg, pianist.

The editorial acknowledgements are due to Mr. Sawyer for a complimentary ticket to the entertainment to be given by Sincerity Lodge, No. 178, I. O. O. F., in Odd Fellows Hall, Wellesley, Wednesday evening, March 13. Mr. Brown, Principal of the High School at Wellesley Hills, is the reader of the occasion.

The Ash Wednesday service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Shinn of Grace Church, Newton.

Lenten services will be held every Wednesday and Friday at 4 P. M. in the chapel. It is expected that a clergyman will be present on Wednesdays, but on Fridays prayers will be read by some member of the Faculty. To these services our friends of Dana Hall and the village are cordially invited.

A little pamphlet headed "American Christian Interests in Berlin" comes to us this week, in which an appeal is made for funds to build an American church in the German capital. In 1887 a church was organized by the Americans then in the city, and the services conducted by this society which adopts as its doctrinal basis the Scriptures and the Apostles' Creed, and gives equal rights to all denominations but special privileges to none, have been so well attended that the room at present occupied is no longer large enough to accommodate the increasing congregations. It is proposed to raise the \$100,000 necessary to erect a church building by allowing American states, cities, churches and colleges to endow memorial pews. Princeton and Lasell have each pledged the \$1000 required for such an endowment. This project, which will especially benefit our students working in Berlin, merits the attention of Wellesley.

Prof. Butterfield of Boston spoke before the Elocution classes Thursday afternoon.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

The Chicago *Times* of Feb. 17 gives favorable notice in its art column of three studies of heads by Miss Belle Emerson. Miss Emerson was a student at Wellesley during the years '82-'85 and received the diploma of the Art Department in the last year of her stay here. She has been working for the past two years in the studio of Carl Marr in Munich and will return to this country next fall.

At the meeting of the Dana Hall Missionary Society, Sunday evening, March 3, the speaker was Miss Emily Wheeler, student at Wellesley during the years '78-'80. Since leaving Wellesley, Miss Wheeler has been engaged in mission work in Harpoon and is now at the head of a girls' school in that place. Her talk to the Dana Hall girls on Sunday evening made the Missionary meeting one of the most interesting of the year.

The members of the class of '81 will hear with sorrow of the death in Valparaiso of Dr. Trumbull, for many years a missionary in that city. Dr. Trumbull was the father of Miss Mary Trumbull '81, whose sudden death soon after graduation was a deep grief to her classmates. During the years '82-'83 two younger sisters were students at Wellesley.

Miss Cora Stickney, '80, is at her home at Great Falls, N. H.

The Committee on Autographs takes great pleasure in announcing the receipt of a most interesting collection of thirty-four, mostly letters, from Mrs. James T. Fields, including autographs of Thackeray, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe and Governor Andrew. Our hearty thanks are due also to Mrs. Marion Metcalf, '80, for autographs of Whittier, Miss Willard and others; to Miss Bates, '80, for autographs of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen and Oscar Fay Adams; and to Miss Maryette Goodhue, '87, for one of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The enterprise seems now to be well started, especially as we have the valuable advice and aid of Mr. Horace E. Scudler. All autographs which are sent us will be labelled with the sender's name and address, and returned if not sold for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund. Further contributions are earnestly desired. HELEN J. SANBORN, '84, 115 Dartmouth St., Boston.

MARION PELTON GUILD, '80, 5 Marlborough St., Boston.

Born.

In Tokio, Japan, April 22, 1888, Annie Lee, daughter of Annie Lee Cole, student at Wellesley, '77-'79.

Annie Lee, daughter of Cassius Lee, of Alexandria, Va., studied two years in the Academic Department of Wellesley College. April 28, 1886, she married Rev. J. Thompson Cole of Va., who had been two years in Japan as a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. They sailed for Japan in August, 1887, where Mr. Cole is laboring earnestly and acceptably.

Married.

MUNGER-OSGOOD—In Salem, Mass., March 5, Rev. T. T. Munger, D. D., of New Haven, and Miss Harriet Osgood, student at Wellesley, '75-'76.

A Correction.

A. C. CHAPIN.

Ajax, for the sin of presumption, was smitten with madness by Athena. Lest a similar fate should befall the writer of the Bird Calendar for February, she rises to explain that it was not presumption, but a typographical error, which led to the misplacing of quotation marks which should have included the passage from Ruskin's "Athena the Queen of the Air" closing with the words, "seen but too soft for touch." May this propitiate the "clear-eyed goddess."

Apropos of the above, the Boston *Journal* prefices a long extract from the February installment of Miss Chapin's Bird Calendar by the following:

Making bird calendars is a spring amusement by no means necessarily confined to professional ornithologists. A pair of opera glasses or a field glass to view the birds at a distance, a hand glass to watch shy birds near at hand, a note book and a patient enthusiasm are the only necessary means for carrying on a delightful study. The passion of the collector and the zeal of the scientist who dissects dead birds are very different feelings from the sympathy which studies the habits of the live creatures in their natural condition. Only a few may be collectors and classifiers, but many may study bird life with real enjoyment and profit. One cold, bright morning this month a bright young girl who has joined the ranks of the bird enthusiasts found a small company of goldfinches in some low shrubbery. She sent in a report of her observations to the Wellesley Current, and her notes are interesting enough for wider reading than the college circles.—*Boston Journal*.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc., who is considered by many people the leading female novelist of this country to-day, has a very novel scheme which she uses to protect her rights. When about to bring out a new book she goes to England and lives there for the length of time necessary for the securing of an English copyright. Thus her works are copyrighted in both countries. Mrs. Barr's daughter is quoted as saying, illustrative of her mother's methods of work: "When mamma was writing 'The Bow of Orange Ribbon' we had Dutch dishes served at all our meals, we dressed Dutch, sang Dutch songs, and quoted Dutch sayings; and when she was writing a Scotch story, oatmeal porridge, bannocks and barley cakes were always to be found on the table, and we lived in duty bound to the kirk, Scotch songs and Scotch proverbs." Mrs. Barr is now in her fifty-sixth year, and is a large, motherly looking woman with a kindly face.

A VOICE FROM THE BACK SEAT.

MARY A. WINSTON, '89.

"Does society exist for the individual or the individual for society?" is a question which agitates every Junior class when it comes to meditate upon that phase of the History of Civilization. It has occurred to some of us that the class above mentioned makes up its mind so very thoroughly on this subject that it is apt to lose sight of the other side of the question entirely. Society does exist for the individual, to be sure, and not the individual for society. But does not the individual owe some duty to the society? How can society exist at all if the individual pursue his free, unhampered course, regardless of the obligations he owes to society?

It was not without a purpose that we recall this discussion of the dead past and offer it to the upper classes of the college for reconsideration today. It is earnestly desired that in the light of this discussion, these classes will meditate a few moments upon the origin, purpose and uses of the class organization in the college. What is the use of a class organization? Is it not to obtain the individual opinion and vote of all the members in matters that concern each and all? But because its purpose is to secure the welfare and satisfaction of the individual member, is he therefore absolved from all obligations to the class organization?

We sign our names to a constitution which makes the vote of a certain percentage of the members necessary to carry a measure through and accomplish an election. Did it ever occur to us that in doing this we pledge ourselves to support that constitution and do all in our power to make it a practical success? We elect a President over us and vest her with powers to call together the body corporate for the transaction of business. Did it never dawn upon our intelligence that if we fail to respond to her summons, we are ourselves thwarting the authority we have created, that we are flinging an insulting neglect in the face of an officer to whom we owe our warmest cooperation and allegiance? Perhaps some of our number never looked at the matter in this way. All we have to say is that it is time they awoke to a sense of their duties to their President, their fellow-members and themselves.

Is the class organization of any use; has it a distant office and place to fill in our College world? If it has not, in the name of common sense, let us abolish it! Let us substitute for it some other means of accomplishing our business. Why should we retain an institution which, though serving the purposes of our predecessors very well, is now a mere farce? For what else but a farce is an organization which invariably fails to draw its members to its business meetings, which is obliged to delay important business weeks and weeks because it is impossible to get a quorum for voting? This sounds very much like the death-knell of the class organization, at least among the two upper classes. But perhaps we may hope that there is some life left in it yet and it may be that a few emphatic words will fan the dying embers of class loyalty and enthusiasm.

Let us each constitute herself a committee of one to see that at least one member of '89 or '90—viz herself is present when the next meeting is called to order by the President. Or if we find that the pressure of our work is so heavy that we really have not time or strength to devote to the interests of society, let us by all means resign from the organization. We shall thus make the number in the organization smaller and so less will be required to constitute the quorum. We shall by so doing not only release ourselves from an irksome duty, but also spare our long-suffering sister-members who always attend class meetings from many an unnecessary trip to a quorum-less meeting. Seniors and Juniors, the matter has been put before you in a strong light, but not in one strong enough to exhibit in detail all the abuses and grievances from this source.

OUR MUSIC.

MARY S. CASE, DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

Probably the members of Wellesley College can hear more good music at less expense than almost any one else in America. The full chapel on concert nights and after service on Sunday attests our appreciation of the privilege, yet to many of us the opportunity might be worth still more, if we should make a greater effort to understand what we hear.

But is interpretation of music legitimate? On the one hand it is said: "Music is not meaningless, and all meaning can be expressed in words." "Ah! but music," replies another, "is the language of emotion, not of thought, and is therefore untranslatable into words. It is not indeed meaningless; but it transcends all definite meaning. As Haeckel says: 'When we say a piece of music is like the sea or the moon, what we really mean is that it excites in us an emotion like that created by the sea or the moon; but the same music will be the fit expression of any other idea which is calculated to rouse in us the same sort of feeling.' As far as music is concerned, it matters not whether your imagination deals with a storm gradually subsiding into a calm, passionate sorrow passing into resignation, or silence and night descending upon a battle-field." The fallacy that music expresses incidents or any definite thought whatever lies at the root of all the nonsense that is talked about this tune meaning the sea, and the moon, Vesuvius, or the scarlet fever.

It may well be admitted by both disputants that music expresses emotion; that widely different experiences may excite feelings so similar as to be expressible by the same music; that emotions may be present without any explicit thought of circumstances to which they would be the natural response; and that if any given succession of emotions is possible, there might be a succession of events suited to arouse such emotions. But if these positions be admitted, most points of difference have disappeared: for to say "This piece of music expresses a storm followed by a calm," will then mean that a storm followed by a calm is one, but only one, of the multitudinous experiences that would arouse such feelings as are expressed by the music. "Music," says Schopenhauer, "never represents distinct images or scenes of human life or of nature, and they are never connected with it by any absolute necessity, but they stand in relation to it rather like examples to a general conception."

Why, now, do the experiences of life excite emotion that is worthy of artistic expression? The dog at your side is not affected as you are by a lofty spire or a soaring eagle, because he is incapable of aspiration. It is the correspondence of the world without us to the ideal within us that thrills us with a feeling of beauty. Hence instead of saying "The first movement of Beethoven's sixth symphony means the coming of spring," we might better say, "It means what the coming of spring means,—the unfolding of the powers of the soul." This may be said to be the meaning of the music, because into this all the manifold meaning that all sympathetic listeners discover, may be resolved.

We may now see wherein consists the superiority of modern over ancient music. The Greek recognized the ideal in the harmonious, but he knew not how to deal with the inharmonious. It required the deeper experience of the Christian centuries to teach men the beauty of harmony attained after conflict. Hence ancient music does not admit discords; whereas modern music in its very structure expresses the progress of the soul through unrest, pain, struggle, to final satisfaction.

Since the discords, though of the essence of the composition, must be resolved, music cannot be pessimistic. It may, indeed, be bad, it may misrepresent the progress of the soul; it may give us "half a dozen smashing surprises, and twenty or thirty spasms and languors in each scene," and leave us to suppose that true satisfaction is to be found in giving ourselves up to unrestrained emotion. But all music that involves discords reflects truly or distortedly, according as it is noble or ignoble, experiences of life in which, with more or less completeness, problems are solved, difficulties removed, pain stilled into peace. The modes of presentation are numberless. Humorous music makes sport of the incongruities of life; merry music, as in the polka or the schottische, delights in obstacles because they give a zest to the exercise of superabundant energy; waltz music shuts its eyes to sorrow, and finds its dream the sweeter for knowing that it only dreams. In *Träumerei* the joy and the pain of reverie are indistinguishably blended. Guilmant's *Allegretto in B minor* is the voice of a soul that has been so torn with conflict that it almost fears to breathe lest the struggle be renewed, yet the present is at least an interval of rest. Even the immeasurable sadness of "He was despised" is full of a noble dignity and calm that renders it infinitely preferable to any superficial joy. In *Batiste's Offertoire in A minor*, the soul again and again finds itself struggling with some foe that it had looked upon as vanquished. Again and again it returns resolutely to the conflict, until at last, when it is almost borne down, it puts forth the full might of an unconquerable will, and stands erect, blinded and breathless, with the dragon still writhing, but beneath its feet. Some music, such as Whiting's *Postludium in G*, is one continuous burst of triumph, but the very word "triumph" shows that there has been a battle to fight. Peaceful music does not suggest unbroken calm. For example, in Whiting's *Pastorale in F*, the soul has been chastened by the discipline of life, and even across its peace there comes now and then a quiver of unrest or fear. The *Pastoral Symphony of the Mes-*

siah expresses perfect content, but it is the content of hope, and hope implies unsatisfaction. Even the angels of our favorite *Sanctus* sing as those who bear through all their exaltation the echo of a world's travail cries, and in the passage where the music plunges down into a deep bass, it is as if they were beholding the face of Him whose love displays itself as a consuming fire.

Since the contest with evil lies at the heart of the religious life, whatever music most clearly expresses the success of this contest is best adapted to sacred use; sacred music is therefore easiest to understand. Hence we have here the best of opportunities to learn to interpret music. If one will think of every piece as expressing somehow the progress of a soul, and will not ask whether its victories are over human enemies or over forces of nature, or over its own weakness and wilfulness, music will become intelligible as a universal form corresponding to an infinite extent of experience.

"But after all," says one, "does not music transcend all meaning? Is not just that the source of its unfathomable beauty?" Yes: music does transcend any meaning that we can think into it; because life transcends all that we can think, and means all that God sees in it. Music expresses to us, it is true, all experiences that we can remember or imagine; but because it is universal in meaning, it breaks over all such bounds and whispers of the unmeasured possibilities of life in the keeping of "Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

NOTE. Most of the illustrations in the above article are taken from our Sunday music. It is expected that the music referred to will be given on Sunday, March 24, as follows:

MORNING.	
<i>Prelude.</i>	<i>Pastoral Symphony.</i> Handel (from the <i>Messiah</i> .)
<i>Postlude.</i>	<i>Offertoire in A minor.</i> <i>Batiste.</i>
EVENING.	
<i>Prelude.</i>	<i>Träumerei.</i> Schumann
<i>Vesper Service.</i>	1. <i>Pastorale in F.</i> Whiting
	2. <i>Postludium in G.</i> Guilmant
	3. <i>Allegretto in B minor.</i> Handel (from the <i>Messiah</i>)
	4. "He was despised." Gounod (from <i>St. Cecilia's Day mass</i>)
	5. <i>Sanctus.</i> Gounod (from <i>St. Cecilia's Day mass</i>)

Below will be found a song, written to the waltz *Illusioni*, that illustrates the spirit of waltz music.

Waltz Song—Illusion.

MARY E. B. ROBERTS, DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY.

Gently now,
As the winds rustle by,
Swiftly we glide along,
Dreamily float
And glide we away.
Now the wild chords ring out;
Receding, they die away.
Beautiful night,
Faint not!
Glittering day.
Rise not!
Our joy soon dispelling.
Stars gleam bright,
Flowers perfume the air,
Pleasure is life's true gift,
Love is a dream;
Why should we fear?
Sorrow may come,
Hope die,
Pleasure may fade away,
Love may not last;
Forget now the past,
Let us be happy yet while we may.

Before Parting.

JOSEPHINE A. CASS, '80.

Black sea and a bridge of burnished gold,
A gray cloud, rising to shroud the moon,
A white robe, falling in fold on fold,
As she sits at my feet in a night like noon.
A hand that the gleaming robe more white,
A head by its ebony tresses crowned,
And dark eyes brimmed with a splendor bright,
That only in paradise is found.
No word is spoken, for all is known;
The waves of change will dash in vain
Against our love's high tower of stone;
Silent, we watch the unconquering main.
A hint of perfume, subtle and sweet,
A touch of the sea-wind, ruthless and cold!
Here Love and Pain for contest meet—
Turn friends—and hand in hand grow old.

—Boston Transcript.

One Theory of the Weather.

MARY D. E. LAUDERBURN, '90.

Father Winter was in despair. Never before in all the history of the seasons had such a thing happened. "Summer does not have such trouble with her children," sighed he, "and why should I?" which was so knotty a question to answer that he gave it up before he had had time to think about it and fell to grumbling again. "And Spring—but Spring does have a hard time with that blustering March. He is always up to some odd trick. And there is April too. I have heard Spring say that April drives her almost wild with her freaks and fancies." And in thinking of someone else's troubles Winter forgot his own and was quite happy for a moment until another thought struck him.

"But December, of all my months! Happy, generous December! That he, at this late day, should so grieve his father's heart and oppose his father's wishes is too much to bear. Too much—too much," and Winter sighed so heavily that November, who had just fallen into a dose after his travels, turned over and said sleepily, "Yes, yes, I'm coming." For he thought Father Winter had sent one of his servants, the winds, to waken him.

It was truly provoking in December. He had quarrelled with Jack Frost and they had sworn eternal enmity and, to make matters worse, Miss Jill Snow, Jack's twin sister and boon companion, had chosen to consider herself aggrieved also, and in icy tones and with rigid glances toward poor December had announced that what Jack Frost did, she did.

The way it all happened was this. December awoke from his eleven-months' sleep one day too soon—that was because it was leap year—and he got up grumbling.

It is dangerous for people to get up earlier than usual. You can not tell what effect it will have upon their tempers. Early to rise may make a man healthy and wealthy and wise in the end, but in the beginning it is very likely to make him cross. At any rate that was the effect it had upon December. He did not know exactly what to do with himself, so he wandered aimlessly about the great hall of the Months, until he came to the window which looked down into the world.

"Let's see how the old World ways while November reigns," said he to himself, and he sat upon the sill and looked down. It seemed to be wagging very merrily, and December's spirits rose as he gazed. "Not a bad sort of a place, after all, though there is less commotion up here," he murmured, glancing about.

The great room, with its shining floor made of the silver linings of clouds, was very quiet. Father Winter was dozing on his throne and January was so buried in his snowbank that nothing was visible but the bells on his cap. November's place was empty, of course, but into December's warm bed some little breezes had crept and were having a playful scuffle.

Far down the hall December could see a shimmering green light which he knew came from Summer's emerald throne, and nearer was the gleaming ruby throne of Autumn, but Summer and Autumn and all their months were fast asleep. Spring, on the other side, was not asleep. December could see her talking to the Zephyrs, her messengers. He could not hear a word she said, for she was too far away; so he turned again to the window.

Just then he felt a chilly sensation in his shoulder. He turned and there stood Jack Frost.

"You don't mean to say that you're up!" said the new-comer, with a shrug of his shoulders that made December shiver. "What's the matter?" "There is nothing the matter with me," said December. "I awoke just now, and came to see whether the world has changed much since last year."

"And what do you think about it?" said Jack.

"It is the same busy, foolish world, full of sorrow and pain and just as full of joy and comfort. See, Jack!" and December made a place by his side on the broad sill.

Jack sprang up and drew his frost be-spangled cloak about him. It was a beautiful glittering cloak, fringed with icicles, and his cap was one great icicle put on upside down and hollowed out at the bottom to fit his head.

The sight from the window was truly a wonderful one. Far down through a soft blue haze they saw the world, but the haze instead of making things indistinct, served to make them clearer and nearer. However that was from one point of view. If you had been down in the World at that very moment and had looked up into the blue mist, you would not have seen Jack Frost in his glittering cloak and December, curled up in his furs, sitting on the sill of a great open window, and above and around them the shining golden walls of the Palace of Time. You would have seen only blueness and huck of that, more blueness and never a sign of the palace except the clouds which make its floors, and the wrong side of them. You would probably say to yourself "There is no palace of Time." It is so hard to remember that there are things we cannot see.

Through the beautiful clarifying haze the two friends looked down upon the Earth. "It is just as I told you," said December. "They do not change at all."

"But they do," put in Jack Frost. "They do change, and what's more, they change in the wrong way. They grow worse every day. They are selfish, cold-hearted creatures and you can't deny it, December. What do you know about them anyway? You, who see them for only thirty days once a year, while—"

December drew himself up to his full height and now stood before the astonished speaker, a picture of wrathful indignation. "Jack Frost, you—are an iceberg! You know a great deal about your fellow-creatures, you do! How many days a year do you spend in the world? I should like to know! Thirty days, thirty days indeed!" December was quite purple with wrath. "I repeat, Jack Frost, you are an iceberg. A great, stiff, lumbering, frozen iceberg! It is not your ignorance that surprises me, not at all, not at all. It is your lack of observation. Do I look like a thirty day month? I, who have been thirty-one days long ever since I was born! Do you hear? Thirty-one days long, I am! Stupid icicle!"

Whatever December did look like, he did not resemble his own generous self just then. He stood upon the sill, his arms folded defiantly across his breast and his fur cape streaming out behind him. Those naughty little creatures, the breezes, hearing the disturbance, had come up to see what was the matter and, taking advantage of December's distraction, were having a glorious game of tag through the long fur, even venturing up among the soft waves of his hair. They tweaked off the slumber-cap which he had forgotten to remove after his sleep, and threw it out of the window. It was a shining golden cap, made of the shreds of sunset clouds, and the people in the world who saw it thought that a star had fallen. It landed away out in mid-ocean and floated about on the top of the waves for many days, but by and by it melted away and now you might hunt as long as you pleased and you would never find it.

December did not notice the breezes. He did not know that his slumber-cap had gone, so blinded was he by his wrath, but Jack Frost knew and I am sorry to say he was greatly pleased. "Ho! ho!" he laughed. "What a temper you are in! Jill, come up and look at December. Isn't he a sight to behold?" And he laughed loudly again, but it was not a pleasant laugh to hear. There was too much bitterness in it. In fact, it would have made your teeth chatter to listen.

Just then Jill Snow appeared through the blue haze, coming up from the earth which she had been covering with a soft white blanket. "Did you call me, Jack?" said she, as she floated in at the window. "Why, what is the matter?" and the pretty creature stopped quite still and looked in amazement at the two disputants.

"Come to me, Jill," said Jack, and his sister obediently floated up close to his side. A beautiful pair they were, Jack, very tall and glittering from the top of his blue-white icicle cap to the bottom of his frost-encrusted cloak. His eyes glittered, too, with a hard brilliancy that frightened the breezes. They did not often go near Jack Frost.

Jill was very different and yet there was a family resemblance between them. She was slender and graceful and her soft hair waved and rippled all about her. It was pure white with a silvery gleam here and there where a sunbeam caught it. Her floating robe was soft and white, too, and seemed so fleecy and warm that one longed to clasp her in his arms and bury his face in the tender folds.

"Look at the fellow," went on Jack Frost. "Jill, you have not heard his opinion of me, but I know that you agree with me in my opinion of him. He is a conceited simpleton and I shall have nothing more to do with him."

"Nor I," said Jill. For she was nothing without her brother. No matter how often she might cover the fair earth with her soft white mantle, the naughty sun-beams would pounce down upon it and steal it quite away, unless Jack Frost were somewhere about to protect it. So Jill clung fast to her brother and declared her enmity to December without even asking the reason why.

And this is the whole history of the quarrel, and you need not wonder that Father Winter was in despair, for when two creatures of such regular habits as Jack Frost and December are once turned out of the even tenor of their ways, it is almost impossible to set them going properly again. Father Winter could not do it (this year) and that is why the people down in the world said so many times during the month of December: "What an unusually mild winter we are having!"

If they had but known it, Winter was not mild at all, but troubled and very angry and, instead, it was Jack Frost and his twin sister Jill Snow who were having a quiet, peaceful month together in the Palace of Time, far away from the turmoil of the world.

SONG OF SHELTER ISLAND.

An old refrain, composed long ago, on the occasion of Professor Longfellow's visit to Sylvester Manor.

Air, *Lederne Postillion*; recast in minor key.

On Shelter Island's shore
Is rest forever more.

The waves are dead, the winds have fled,
The storm is far away.

Chorus. The winds have had their day, the waves have ceased to play,
The waves are dead, the winds have fled, the storm is far away.

From Hay Beach shingled strand
Behold enchanted land.

The winds have fled, the waves are dead,
The storm is far away.

In Stirling's wooded dell
Where song-birds love to dwell,

The waves are dead, the winds have fled,
The storm is far away.

From Sunset's silver mead
Where tiny turtles feed,

The winds have fled, the waves are dead,
The storm is far away.

Chorus. The winds have had their day, the waves have ceased to play,
The waves are dead, the winds have fled, the storm is far away.

By Griselle's hallowed way,
Where martyrs knelt to pray,

The waves are dead, the winds have fled,
The storm is far away.

In hill-top, plain, or grove,
Where'er you care to rove,

The winds have fled, the waves are dead,
The storm is far away.

Who seek peace, long for rest,
Find shelter here! Be blest.

The waves are dead, the winds have fled,
The storm is far away.

Chorus. The winds have had their day, the waves have ceased to play,
The waves are dead, the winds have fled, the storm is far away.

Genuine work done, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal! Take courage, then; raise the arm; strike home, and that right lustily; the citadel of hope most yield to noble desire, thus seconded by noble effort.—*Carlyle.*

THE MISSION OF REALISM.

MAUDE GILLETTE PHILLIPS, '81.

The most vital result of nineteenth century realism is the revelation to himself of man not only as an individual, but also in his relation to society. The idea of a common humanity pulsating with kindred hopes and aspirations, unified by ties of love, though constituting one of the fundamental tenets of Christianity, can scarcely be said to have been practically recognized by the world until within a comparatively recent date. Paganism and even Socrates dealt rather with single souls existing apart in space, suspended as it were between an unknown past and an untried future, than with mankind as a fraternity indissolubly linked together. Thought strove to fathom the spiritual world excluded from our vision and understanding, wrestled with the enigmas of existence; but man in his practical relations to life remained not only an unknown but an indifferent quantity. Ignorance never fails to produce contempt and bigotry, and history bears witness to the false standards of judgment by which man gauged himself and his brother.

Science by bringing thought to a practical focus was doubtless the chief primal factor in directing its attention to the motive and trend of character. Man, individually and socially, as he is not what he might be or would be, absorbs the deepest interest. This realism has dignified actual humanity and men think of each other not as angels or demons but as sentient beings. Religion excepted, there is no element of civilization that so tends to promote this advancement as literature. It is the realism of the nineteenth century novel that has furnished our age with an ethical education which shall lift it from the defiles of vindictiveness and false prejudice. Balzac pioneered this movement. Half a century before, Fielding and Goldsmith had delineated social life with a masterly pen, but their portraits were worked up from no psychologic convictions or motives of philanthropy. The *beau-ideals* of Scott and his school excited the imagination more than sympathy. Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" was the earliest photograph of life developed from personal experience and with a strictly utilitarian purpose. But this prose Homer of conduct and culture was unadapted to popular interest and served more as a motive power to genius than as a means of public enlightenment. It was not until Balzac issued that wonderful series of philippics on Parisian society, the "Comédie Humaine," presenting the most complete and in many respects the most profound expositions of life the world has ever seen, that human nature began to be a subject of general psychologic interest. His realism was founded on scientific principles. "The differences between a soldier, a workman, a governor, a lawyer, a man of leisure, a scholar, a statesman, a merchant, a sailor, a poet, a beggar, a priest," he said, "though more difficult to decipher, are at least as marked as those which separate the wolf, the lion, the ass, the crow, the shark, the seal, the lamb, etc. There have been and there always will be, social species, just as there are zoological species." From such convictions and premises were created "Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet," "Cousin Pons," "César Birotteau," "Mme. de Longueville" and others that constituted a gallery of portraits exhibiting with Shakespearean power national peculiarities, inherited idiosyncrasies, wonderful depths of passion, fashion's follies and hypocrisies, the contingencies of vice and virtue, pathetic altruism, and underlying all was the subjective purpose of education more than entertainment,—of demonstrating to the public that the heart, not the head, is the kernel of character. The vital connection and frequently wide contrast between action and its motive were clearly brought out and kindly, tender temperaments, obscure and despised perhaps, were shown to be heroes of sacrifice and often the props of those whose glitter and brilliancy attract general applause. Balzac spoke with truth, at least as regards himself, when he said: "The first half of the present century will be found to have been greatly influenced by four men,—Napoleon, Cuvier, O'Connell, and myself. The first lived on the blood of Europe, the second espoused the globe, the third became the incarnation of an entire race, while I shall have carried a complete society in my brain." He laid out the way for succeeding novelists to follow and they were not slow to recognize their leader.

And thus in every country realistic fiction has presented us with valid transcripts of life, illuminated and obscured by no moonshine of sentiment. "I will not," says George Eliot in *Adam Bede*, "even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real breathing men and women, who can be chilled by your indifference or injured by your prejudice; who can be cheered and helped onward by your fellow feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken brave justice. So I am content to tell my simple story, without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falseness is so easy, truth so difficult." With her as with Balzac, science furnished the stimulus of thought, but, partaking more of the nature of a creed, dogmatized her work in some respects. Her characters are the embodiments of *ideas* and affect us intellectually more than from a standpoint of benevolence. Thackeray's and Trollope's dissections of aristocracy enable us to temper judgment in the light of circumstance,—to realize how complicated is the equation of life and how tentative is opinion concerning results, the most vital factors of which may be hidden from sight. But the most pronounced missionary of humanity in the world's fiction is Dickens, whose array of itinerant showmen, outcasts, idiots, dead-beats, jail-birds, langmen and robbers, though framed in caricature, opened the eyes of his readers to the nonsense of total depravity. In the darkest dens of squalor and vice he never failed to discover some good, some ray of heroism or sacrifice that crushed scorn and stimulated recognition of brotherhood. He showed us the soul stained with crime and, eliciting our sympathy, spurred on the work of regeneration among the lower classes.

In viewing these panoramas of life with their pros and cons of human action, hate is stifled and love for brother-man, for God, fills the heart. We like the good-natured honesty and perseverance of Silas Lapham, in spite of his ignorant vulgarity, and could any denizen of Boston Back Bay even, however conservative, after reading Howells' portrait of him, but cherish henceforth more kindly feelings towards those who have not been blessed with an inheritance of gentility? We admire a Karénina for her beauty and brilliancy, rejoice in her maternal tenderness that held her back from assenting to a divorce which, though restoring her to social repute, would legally cut her asunder from her little son; we pity her for that want of spiritual strength which alone could have borne her in safety by the shoals of circumstance, but we cannot despise her. We are taught to sympathize with the unfortunate,—not so much to condemn them for sin as to elevate them by appealing to the good in them, not so much to fling stones at vice as to foster virtue, to bring it forth and expurgate it from its environment of evil. The ultimate redemption of Victor Hugo's archangel in his "La Fin de Satan" is through the good that remained unfallen—the plume that, as he was hurled headlong, dropped from his wings upon the battlements of Heaven and became for its wonderful beauty the object of admiration of the angels, that was not permitted to be dragged into the abyss of ruin, but fostered with the celestial food of Paradise, until it became transformed into the glorious angel of Liberty and was the means of restoring the arch-demon to his pristine purity. While recognizing the grotesque invention and ultra-liberalism of the Gallic epic, we cannot fail to appreciate the serene hopefulness and tender sympathy of the spiritual faith and its author who characterizes God as Love, not as a soul isolated from the universe, alone in his might, but as a heart extending its rays of sympathy to each of his creatures, holding in embrace all men irrespective of rank or power:—

"For him, to create, to think, to meditate, to animate, to sow, to destroy, to make, to be, to see, is love."

Truthful expositions of human fellowship inspire us with benevolence. We feel the kindred ties of love based on purity and generosity; we recognize that love is the lever of life,—of the higher spiritual life that leads us to the conception of infinite goodness and mercy.

Extracts From a Journal.

MARY WHITTON CALKINS, DEPARTMENT OF GREEK.

Steamship *Principe Amedeo*, Corfu, March 7, '87.

I feel more than ever unreal, and it seems as if these days must be a dream. Am I sailing on the Adriatic, and why do the waves look like other waves and the sky like an American one? We left Naples at 6.50 yesterday morning. That meant getting up before five, and Miss Leach was alternately alarmed and amused at my groans and sighs. Our lazy all-day's journey was a most prosperous one. Till we reached Foggia, at four, we had a carriage all to ourselves and our tongues wagged briskly. We talked about all kinds of theories, educational and otherwise, and practice to correspond. The scenery was most interesting. We were

crossing the Apennines and the hills were wild and rugged. We kept seeing flocks of sheep, with sunburned shepherds in leather leggings and long Italian cloaks; occasionally, we saw a little stone house or met a woman carrying a burden. (One had a child on her back and was followed by a gray pig.) Sometimes women were working in the fields, but the country was not very fertile. There were some sudden mountain showers which fell in torrents while the sun was shining.

At Foggia we had some hot soup and overdone beef,—and took another train, where an old Italian lady shared our carriage. The spring colors of the grass, the sunset sky and the lovely pink of the almond blossoms made a great impression on us. Suddenly, at a little station, a child was thrust into the arms of the old lady and a huge bearded man with a cigar in his mouth prepared to enter; of course the guards objected, but he insisted, and finally they said: "If the signore permit," while the lady explained that he was her "figliuolo," whom she had not seen for years, and the man added that it would only be "cinque minuti." We agreed, provided he did not smoke, and really, the meeting between them, with tears and kisses and gesticulation, was very touching. A little after eight we were routed out of our comfortable carriage into a very shaky one in which we could only ride backwards. But soon after I fell asleep and slumbered peacefully, till we were almost in Brindisi.

The transfer from train to boat at eleven o'clock in the evening was the most difficult part of our journey in prospect, but really very easy. We got hold of a good *faccino* who led us to an omnibus, drove down with us and transferred our bags to the little boat. We had also an American and his wife, whom we had met at Foggia, for companions, as far as the shore.—But mother! how frightened you would have been if you could have seen a swarthy Italian rowing us out in the darkness to a steamer whose lights dimly glimmered! Being fond of small boats, I rather enjoyed this part of the journey. Our reception was very queer. No captain, steward or responsible person received us, only some very stupid sailors who calmly stood by and heard our altercations with the boatman, who demanded about four times the proper fare. We stood out against him and a passenger who undertook to defend him, and came out victorious. Then we asked to be shown to our room and came down to a very comfortable ladies' cabin, of which we were mistresses. If the other six for whom berths are provided were here, we should be hideously uncomfortable, but as it is, we never travelled in such state.

The arrangements are queer. We have execrable coffee and hard bread when we rise; at ten an elaborate and well cooked lunch, and dinner at five. We lunched with the captain and an Italian officer, who has since talked with us a great deal. He was a year and a half at Massah, and is now going as ambassador to Constantinople. He is an interesting, well educated man and very well bred.

Almost all day we have been sailing along the shore of northern Greece. This afternoon we have had these barren mountains, snow touched, on our left, and hilly Corfu on our right. We have been lying about an hour in the harbor here. We see the high, flat-roofed, white houses and the fortifications of the town. I wrote you a note, and an officer of the legation took possession of it and refused to charge anything for sending it, so it will reach you with the legation stamp.

Athens, Saturday evening, March 10.

When I had finished writing on Thursday, I went up again on deck, and soon we steamed out of the harbor of Corfu. My Italian friend appeared and brought me a lovely little orange branch, from which hung the most beautiful great yellow oranges that ever I saw. At dinner we had a very jolly time. Our menu was as follows: Soup, sardines, sausage and cheese, fish and lemon sauce, roast veal and vegetables, cauliflower, birds on toast, pastry, oranges, figs, almonds and raisins.

I spent most of Thursday evening alone on deck. The next morning I made the acquaintance of the chief of engineers. He saw my little prayer-book in my hands and examined it curiously and this, I suppose, led to a conversation about religion and immortality. If any one had ever told me that I should have talked about such subjects in Italian, I should not have believed him. At about two o'clock we came in sight of the western promontory of Cape Mattapan. From this time on to dinner the scenery was very impressive. The low line of hills rose, blue and hazy, steep up from the water, and their peaks were gleaming white with snow. Miss Leach, the Italian officer and I sat in a breezy corner and looked at all this and at the graceful Grecian gulls, whose wings are tipped with grey. There was a heavy swell and when we went down to dinner there were racks on the table and we had to exercise our skill in eating soup. Till nine we sat up on deck in the most beautiful starlight I ever saw. It seemed so odd to see our old friends, Orion and the Dipper, shining down on the Mediterranean as placidly as on our lawn. We had the engineer and the officer as companions.

This morning we woke to a half unhappy sense that our voyage was nearly over. We drank our coffee in company with our officer, Raffaello Manzi, and afterward went up on deck, where it was so breezy that I sat down at once to keep from blowing away. So it came about that we had fairly reached the Piræus, and high up on the hill, we saw the ruins of the Parthenon, before we knew it. My heart beat queerly to recognize this "goal of all my hopes." The harbor was full of shipping, which the Italian regarded scornfully. We were delighted to recognize the Stars and Stripes. As soon as we anchored, a crowd of small boats surrounded us, and the boatmen sprang aboard, all clamoring for us. Very soon a messenger reached us from our host, Dr. Chrysikopoulos, and presently the gray-haired old Greek came aboard. The Italian officer did not leave us until then, which was very courteous, for he had only a few hours in Athens.

But before reaching Greek soil, I must tell a few more things about the voyage. One night at dinner the officer bent toward me and said in Italian: "Do you smoke, Signorina?" I felt myself insulted. "No," said I, with all the force which I was capable of concentrating in my voice. Everybody laughed, and I collected myself to reflect that Italian ladies do smoke, so that the question was not unnatural. But as the captain truly observed, Signore Raffaello will not ask that again.

The captain was a delightful, genial man always talking about his love for "carini bambini." One evening he talked about Naples and his affection for it, interspersing his descriptions with snatches of "Santa Lucia," "Addio mia bella Napoli," and other songs. Another fellow passenger, happily of a lower class, was a Greek who wore a fez and carried a poniard, with which he sliced oranges.

We met this man again in the custom-house to which we were rowed. My bag was rather carefully examined, and a box of terra cotta in my shawl strap was opened with a hammer and then nailed up again, when nothing dutiable was found. Our drive to Athens was remarkable for Greek signs and placards, traces of the old walls, dust and some Turkish candy, which was offered to us when we halted. In the Athenian streets we noticed queer Albanian costumes, little donkeys heavily loaded, Greek characters everywhere. The house where we are is a very ordinary looking one. Our room opens directly upon a little central court and is comfortable, but primitive in some arrangements. At dinner we met Mrs. Seelye and other American friends.

We had a great time this afternoon finding the bank and the post office. Happily we can read the names of streets, but we can't speak to people, and public buildings have no numbers and oftentimes no signs in any language. We tried a little French and some Italian, and were directed to all sorts of places. We went into one bank and had four men, all explaining at once, and all smoking into our faces. When we had done all this we walked up to the Akropolis. The wide avenue wound about, near the columns of a temple to Jupiter Olympus, and a Roman arch, both built by Hadrian, and we reached finally the foot of the Akropolis, with the remains of the great Theatre of Dionysos. On the one side the high grassy hill of the Musæion, with one little gray ruin on the summit; on the other, the great rocky hill, with almost impregnable fortifications built into the rock foundations, and the glorious columns of the Parthenon crowning it. We wound our way up, ascended the marble steps of the Propylæa, and then went slowly toward the great Athens temple. Yellow from exposure and ruined by barbarism, there are still the glorious columns, five feet in diameter, hewn from solid blocks of Pentelic marble, still the blue sky shining above and through, still the view of the sea from the portico and the outlook over Lykabettos, Hymettus, Pentelikon and the other mountains. I shall be here so often again that I won't describe now. It is a satisfactory thought that we can go again and again and really study and enjoy. We wandered down through little back streets, gaining interesting bits of view,—donkeys, laden with four or five baskets of fruit with an olive branch standing up high from among them; Albanians in their queer costumes,—a short embroidered jacket, full white skirt, leather leggings, boots turned up at the end with a tuft and a huge leathern girdle full of phits and packets, fitted to carry money, food and arms.

Sunday, March 20. We went to an English service in the morning, and this afternoon we walked, in a high wind, to the Areopagus, where it was too breezy to read St. Paul's sermon, and to the Phnyx, from which we were almost blown away. A Massachusetts east wind in Greece seems a queer thing.

Monday, March 21. To-day we have been very frivolous and have spent most of our time in the shops. The wind has been so high that we could hardly have archeologized if we had wished and we were in perishing need of straw hats, parasols, shoe strings and some other such luxuries. We had a very gay time in a bazaar, a street between low shops, full of little Turkish shoes, Greek stuffs, bright scarfs, handkerchiefs, morocco straps and bags. I feel that this shopping is a part of our education. We have never been in such a thoroughly foreign city and every sight is a pleasure. In one place we bought sewing silk and saw the man reel it off for us on two queer little wheels; at a street corner we stopped to price daggers, which might be used as paper cutters; everywhere we were as likely as not to find people who spoke only modern Greek, and it seemed odd to be anywhere where one had not some command of the language. However, we find our Greek of very real service in helping us to understand and in giving us some words which are useful, especially the numbers.

A True Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Is this a fast,—to keep	No! 'tis a fast to dole
The larder lean.	Thy sheaf of wheat,
And clean	And meat,
From fat of veals and sheep?	Unto the hungry soul.
Is it to quit the dish	It is to fast from strife,
Of flesh, yet still	From old debate
To till	And bate,—
The platter high with fish?	To circumscribe thy life.
Is it to fast an hour,	To show a heart grief-rent;
Or rugged to go.	To starve thy sin,
Or slow	Not bin,—
A downcast look, and sour?	And that's to keep thy lent.

Our Outlook.

Every one ought to read Dr. Sargent's article "The Physical Development of Women," in *Scribner's Magazine* for February. We give some quotations, wishing that we had room to reprint the entire article. Dr. Sargent says: "From an anatomical point of view the tissues of a woman do not differ materially from the tissues of a man. Anything that will impair the function of an organ in one sex will certainly interfere with its action in the other. If you put a tight bandage around the waist of a man, the physiological functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs are for the time impaired and the man is unable to make more than two-thirds of the mental and physical exertion of which he is capable. When we reflect that woman has constricted her body for centuries, we believe that to this fashion alone is due much of her failure to realize her best opportunities for development, and through natural heritage to advance the mental and physical progress of the race. We are the more firmly convinced of this fact from the rapid advancement that women make in health, strength and physical improvement under favorable circumstances."

"In the opinion of many physiologists the respiration of women is largely thoracic, in distinction from that of men and children, which is principally diaphragmatic or abdominal. On this ground many have argued that corsets do not necessarily interfere with respiration. I am of the opinion that this deduction of the physiologists is a mistake, and that the habit of thoracic breathing has been brought about by constricting the waist and lower ribs. This opinion is held by many observers in this country and Europe."

"One hour's physical exercise, even though it be of the best kind and under the most favorable circumstances, will not make amends for ten to fourteen hours of unfavorable treatment. The girl's corsets must be taken off, in order that the heart, lungs, stomach and viscera may have an opportunity to build up the body with the new materials that will come to it as a result of the exercise and to eliminate the old broken-down tissue from the system. As to skirts—what shall we say of them? They have hampered the progress of civilized women for three thousand years. If they must be worn let them be reduced to the minimum in number if not in thickness, so as to restrict the free movement of the limbs as little as possible. The common-sense garments that are now being worn by hundreds of young ladies throughout the land who are practising and teaching physical exercises are having a great influence in bringing about the much needed dress reform. The girl of athletic taste finds much enjoyment in garments that allow her plenty of air to breathe and freedom of movement." "Already three-fourths of the school-teaching force in the United States is composed of women, and they will soon be in the majority as instructors in physical training. The gospel of fresh air and physical improvement is being slowly imbued by our best families, and the stock of fine specimens of physical womanhood is slowly and steadily improving. When the young women throughout the land shall have felt the influence of this new religion and become thoroughly aroused to the importance of making the most of themselves in body as well as in mind we shall not only elevate the average mental and physical condition of the masses, and so raise the athletic standard, but we shall be much more likely than at the present time to produce a few of the intellectual giants that are needed to grapple with the great problems of our complex civilization."

Intercollegiate News.

We are glad to receive "St. Nicholas" among our exchanges, and recommend all our child-lovers to seek it, in the second floor center. The March number contains an especially dainty fairy tale by Rjahnar Hjorth Boyesen.

The first Latin fraternity in America, the Q. T. V., was recently established at Cornell, with six charter members.

Students at Harvard have the choice of 189 courses of study. Students at the University of Michigan have the choice of 242.—*Ex.*

Wesleyan students, while celebrating Washington's birthday destroyed a part of two dormitories and severely injured a freshman by exploding dynamite cartridges.

At the last annual dinner of the class of '29, Harvard, the six survivors of the class were present, these being Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, Rev. Samuel May, Rev. Dr. Stickney, Rev. A. S. Devens and Chas. Storow.

A novel feature of the Paris exposition of 1889 will be an exhibit of all methods and details relating to the institutions for the higher education of men and women in America. This will consist of photographs of buildings, faculties, classes, athletic teams, literary societies, etc. One interesting feature will be an exhibit of American college publications. Photographs of the editorial staff will be hung upon the wall, and premiums will be awarded to the best publications.

The students of Bryn Mawr are obliged to do "private reading," which takes their spare time on Saturdays and holidays. In every language, an amount of work nearly as great as any, that can be gone over in class, is assigned to be read independently, on which a separate examination is given. For the first half of the last year, nine hundred pages in German were assigned. The chief diversion permitted the students is walking, while no musical instruments are allowed in the college buildings.—*University Herald.*

Revolutionary Verses.

The author of the following Revolutionary double entendre, which originally appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, is unknown. It may be read in three different ways. 1st.—Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written; 2d.—Then, the lines downward on the left of each comma in every line; and 3d.—In the same manner on the right of each comma. By the first reading it will be observed that the Revolutionary cause is condemned, and by the others it is encouraged and lauded:

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms,
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine;
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight.
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who Independence boast;
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart.
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part;
On Mansfield, North, and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

THE COURANT.
COLLEGE EDITION.
Terms for the College Year, . . . \$1.80.
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ALICE A. STEVENS, '91.
Editorial Contributors.
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Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall
Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.
Why does St. Nicholas exchange with the COURANT? Because both
are for children? Not exactly. Because St. Nicholas recognizes and
sympathizes with the saintly character of the COURANT? Right! Shall
we change our name to St. COURANT?
The Freshman from the book-store came,
With bright and cheerful look;
For lo! she proudly bore aloft
Her matriculation book.
But soon she stood and gazed aghast,
With sad and downcast mind;
Then tremblingly she filtered forth,
"Oh, see! mine wasn't signed!"
—SOPHOMORE.
A little anecdote has just come to light which might be appropriately
told here on the introduction of our new books into the chapel.
The story is told of an old gentleman in Missouri. By the action of
the church the old hymn books in the sanctuary had been replaced by
"Laudes Domini." This old gentleman on the Sunday of their first ap-
pearance unfortunately left his glasses at home, and so the title "Laudes
Domini" failed to convey the correct idea to his mind, as was evident by
his remark:
"Ladies' Donation! I don't see why the ladies should have all the
credit! I guess my money paid for those books as much as any ladies'!"
HELEN W. ROGERS, '91.
One of our tutors asks if ponies are not indispensable to coaches.
While compelled to answer in the negative, we offer her the following
"sympathy" from the Brunonian:
A Sophomore bold and careless and gay,
One afternoon of a winter's day,
Fixed himself up and went to the play.
It was Richard III and a matinee.
The Sophomore sat in the front parquet,
All was serene as a day in May,
Until King Richard began to pray
"A horse! A horse!" in a pitiful way,
When the Sophomore sprang from his seat, they say,
And cried, the poor King's fears to allay,
"I'll get you a horse without delay,
I know how it is, I have felt that way!"

Professor Roberts of Cornell, in an address to one of the classes
taught by his daughter, gave a very interesting example of inherited ten-
dency. Once, while he was writing, the Professor said, he noticed that
his left hand was clinched. Happening to glance at the portrait of his
grandfather which hung opposite, he observed for the first time the clinched
left hand of his ancestor. His father's picture also hung on the wall.
This showed the same peculiarity, and then he turned to his brother's like-
ness and saw again the tightly shut hand. The students in the class im-
mediately looked at Miss Roberts and laughed to see that unconsciously
she emphasized her father's point. Her left hand was clinched.
A Bulletin: *Gymnasium.* This evening. Performance begins at
7.30.
Your pocket books be sure to bring
When you come to see *The Rose and the Ring*,
For Programs fine and Pictures rare
You can there buy at Prices fair.
Bring all the money you can spare
Be sure you *Have It With You* there,
If you would see a *Chapel* rise
To gladden soon your eager eyes.
Visitor adjusting eyeglass. Hm! One of Elihu Vedder's! The
Crumean Sibyl! Fine subject!
Freshman: Yes, indeed! One of Shakespeare's characters.
Visitor: Ah!
Faculty: What Wellesley needs most now is endowments for Profes-
sor's chairs.
Tired-looking student: Yes, that would relieve me immensely. I
have been sat upon so much that my back is actually rickety. I shall make
a break sometime and floor the Professor, I fear.
"Twas in Mathematics high
And our brains were loath to try
Problems deep and recondite
Which we ne'er could get aright;
When we learned with some surprise
From a maiden with brown eyes
That "Twelve," thus the maiden spake,
"Three halves of eighteen doth make."
Then we gazed with awe struck eyes
At this maiden wondrous wise.
Monosyllabic dinners are all the style. The fine for a word of more
than one syllable is a penny for the Chapel Fund. As a result the presid-
ing teacher becomes the "head of the board," who, when it is time for the
turkey to be removed, says to someone by the aristocratic name of Paton,
for instance, "Pat, please take off the fowl," and the visitor at the table is
somewhat surprised to hear that the object of this enterprise is the "Chap
Fund."
Truer than many of the College notes circulated among the papers is
the following from the *Mail and Examiner*:
"None of the college journals seem to have noticed the fact that Vas-
sar and Wellesley have adopted the cap and gown. We are credibly in-
formed that all the classes there wear them—at night."

The Wide, Wide World.
March 2.—Suicide of Pigott at Madrid. Speeches for Ireland by Glad-
stone and Parnell in the House of Commons yesterday. The Pope
celebrates his seventy-ninth birthday. No extra session of Congress.
March 3.—Japan has a new constitution. Battle at Zanzibar between the
Arabs and the Germans.
March 4.—Inauguration of Harrison. Last session of the Fiftieth Congress.
Important events of the session; admission of four new states. Tariff
discussion; creation of a new executive department.
March 5.—Earthquake in Ecuador. Parnell receives numberless letters of
congratulation. The new Cabinet: Secretary of State, James G.
Blaine of Maine; Secretary of the Treasury, Wm. Windom of Minne-
sota; Secretary of War, Redfield Proctor of Vermont; Secretary of
the Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy of New York; Secretary of the Inter-
ior, John W. Noble of Missouri; Postmaster-General, John Wana-
maker of Pennsylvania; Attorney-General, W. H. H. Miller of In-
diana; Secretary of Agriculture, M. Rusk of Wisconsin.
March 6.—King Milan of Serbia abdicates in favor of his son. Ministry
of New South Wales is defeated on the question of protection, and re-
signs. Danger of an uprising among the Montana Indians. Resolu-
tion looking to unrestricted reciprocity with the United States in-
troduced in the Canadian Parliament. All the new Cabinet officers in
charge.
March 7.—Trouble on the Isthmus of Panama predicted. Germany sends
a special commissioner to restore order in Samoa. New Radical
Cabinet in Serbia. First Cabinet meeting. Mr. Ingalls elected presi-
dent *pro tem.* of the Senate.
March 8.—The Enterprise has been ordered to Zanzibar. A woman Suf-
frage convention to be held in New York April 27 and 28. Texas
Railroad Commission bill defeated.



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ingham and Natick—7.45 P. M.
South Natick—8.00 A. M.; 4.30 P. M.
College—8.00, 11.00 A. M.; 5.00 P. M.
Boston and East—7.30, 10.15 A. M.; 1.45, 3.55, 7.00 P. M.
Way Stations—10.15 A. M.; 3.55, 7.00 P. M.
West and South—8.45 A. M.; 2.40, 5.30, 17.00 P. M.
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